

## NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

A LARGE bet is being overlooked by the journeymen revolutionists who do not realize that the day, week or job down in Banana America. These gentlemen nearly always linger too long after the fireworks and funeral processions start, and the opposition forces overcome them and insert them into an earthenware jar about the size of the hole they dig in this country to plant a telephone pole in, and having the same hygienic and architectural arrangements.

Their mistake is not coming this way. Having lately contracted the revolution habit in a violent form, New York offers a warm welcome to any professional revolutionist out of foreign parts, especially if he has written one of those morbid blue mass dramas and has a name that sounds like a paroxysm of influenza. The really successful revolutionist these days is the howling dervish who does the preliminary press-agent work for the uprising, with daily street parades and a full brass band, and then departs abruptly across the frontier, dressed up as a rag carpet or a woolly dog or in some other easy and congenial disguise, leaving the canvasmen and hired hands who helped him to put up the tent to be slaughtered in all three rings and on the elevated stage. His motto is: "He who revolutes and runs away will live to revoluate another day—at long distance."

But first he visits these friendly and sucker-lined shores. It's getting so that no up-to-date literary home here is complete without a revolutionist lying on the bed in the company room in his long horse-hide or bondoir boots, eating cigarettes in bulk, and thinking up mean things to say about us in his next book. Unless the professional revolutionist makes



the mistake of stopping by the Lads' Exchange on his way over and picking out another gentleman's wife, he is certain of a cordial reception.

Of course this doesn't apply to the ordinary practical revolutionist of commerce, who comes third class with half a bale of shredded whiskers, a suit of clothes that was cut out with a knife and fork, and a small cook book telling forty-seven ways of serving bombs. The only attentions showered upon the average brand of revolutionist on arrival are sprayed out in a formaldehyde squirt-gun at Ellis Island, and if he begins indulging in any revolutionary doctrines in public, a defender of our liberties from the Eldridge Street Station will club his sky-line off and the Board of Aldermen will take away his push-cart license.

But it's different if he has produced a play that runs seven hours and nobody can understand, or if he wears something that looks like a cross between a kimono and a hearth rug. He is greeted enthusiastically by the amateur Socialists, who believe in the confiscation of all fortunes except those which they acquired by marriage. Also by the kind-faced domestic revolutionists, perfect daredevils, who live on predigested breakfast food and wear health underwear. Their idea of starting a revolutionary movement is to write a strong letter to the editor of the Evening Post. But, one and all, they take in the professional revolutionist, and as soon as he gets a chance he does as much for them.

## THE FUNNY PART.

When a native-born revolutionist rolls into town under a box-car he is called a hobo and juggled for vagrancy.

## HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by  
Nixola Greeley Smith

## AN APOLOGY TO THE TYRANT, MAN

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THIS is a public apology to the tyrant, Man, if any, when in the four corners of the earth any mortal answering that popular description may be found. Sound trumpet! Herald, utter your threefold summons! In vain. Answering the call we view deep phantasies of meek men, hot-headed men, bullied men, browbeaten men, weary, wild-eyed and submissive men—fathers, sons and husbands that collectively constitute Man, the Tyrant, but individually are so many cowering vassals of the colossal bully—Woman.

Mr. McCord gives us the humor of Mr. Narg. But life furnishes us daily the tragedy of him. Do we not all know men whose ability, whose good humor and good fellowship, whose friendliness in dealing with their fellows inspire our deepest respect, yet who in their domestic life are more timorous slaves of some obstinate mother or wife or sister with a brain too small for an idea to turn around in?

And yet we prate about Man, the Tyrant. There is not a man alive whose self-respect and self-reliance and fear and hatred of the scenes that women love do not make him at one time or another the abject puppet of some strong-lunged and tempestuous female or some small and persistently nagging one.

So long as we write about the social relations of men and women theoretically it is proper enough to denounce the tyrant man, to weep over the injustice of woman.

But when we get down to facts, when we write as our eyes see, as our ears hear, the hopeless enslavement of the supple and stronger sex cries to heaven for proclamation and reform. All this talk about the emancipation of woman is rank nonsense. The female suffragists are the sublimest anarchists in the world. I want to enroll myself as a humble worker in the great first cause of the twentieth century—the emancipation of man. Let us break the shackles of the century and tenderness that forces upon him the tyranny of tears, sick headaches, scenes, non-resistance, fire and all the other unworthy practices by which a has for centuries been ruled. Let us work for the great Sixteenth Amendment, which must read as follows:

"All persons—even men, and especially husbands—are entitled to the right to live, unless otherwise provided for in the section concerning the rights of wives."

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## Freckle Remedy.

Freckles which may also fade out of the brown spots to which you refer. Do not use mercurial ointment, or coarse powder, or cream, which hazel, 4 ounces; witch hazel, 4 ounces; rose water, 4 ounces. Agitate until a solution is obtained. Moisten the affected parts with it. Keep it out of the way of ignorant persons and children.

Message Will Help. MISS L.—Yes, message will be of help in your case. If you give me a personal letter I will give you practical advice.

Cure for Blackheads. MISS J. J. C.—Cure for blackheads consists first of all perfect cleanliness, which means brush, soap, water, and as an aid, the following lo-

tion: Precipitate of sulphur, 1 dram; tincture of camphor, 1 dram; glycerine, 1 dram; rose water, 4 ounces.

## Remedy for Pimples.

N.—This remedy for pimples has been very successful. Do not expect the marks to leave at once. It takes time to leave at all. I chylol, 90 grains; ether, 2½ drams; alcohol, 4 drams.

## Face Powder.

MRS. L. M.—To make face powder adhere apply just the least coat of cream to the face, rubbing it off with a soft cloth so that no appreciable amount is left, then put on the powder as you are wont to do.

## Massage.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—Perhaps you have an unskilled operator. If so, the massage will do more harm than good. But you should not need facial treatment at all at your age.

## THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



## THE NEW PLAY Mrs. Fiske Transacts Love in "Dolce."

ONE of the drawbacks to spring is the "Dolce" mania, which doesn't always smell as sweet. Ordinarily the poor, helpless scribbler of the critical champagne draws himself to this unnecessary evil with unwilling feet, shivering for the sunshine without and fearful of the gloom within. The actress who goes are enraptured friends of a lady who thinks she can act. But there are exceptions, and the Mrs. Fiske mania is one of them.

The first of three given at the Manhattan Theatre yesterday afternoon was like a spring love. The novelty was a short, though not short enough, day named "Dolce" by John Luther Long, in which Mrs. Fiske transacted love in a thousand business-like manner. She appeared as an Italian countess who looked before she leaped into her lover's arms.

The scene was an artist's studio in Florence, and Mr. John Mason was the artist. He was a vigorous artist who loved one of his pictures and got his own breakfast. Without waiting to button his collar, he greeted his canvas with cheerful tenderness, and then beat an egg, to the great delight of the feminine cooks on the other side of the footlights. He dropped the egg to light a cigarette and sentimentalize on the piano.

The girl on the easel was twelve. The living original who walked in upon the artist was Mrs. Fiske. Fifteen years had passed. Mrs. Fiske wore a black wig that gave her a strange look and a dress with a train as long as the Continental Limited. She spoke at her accustomed mile-a-minute speed that sent her words whirling in all directions, but with an Italian accent that made picking up the pieces of her broken dialect well worth the trouble. Her dialect was delicious, and gave the play its chief charm. She mixed her words with a sense of humor that the audience was quick to appreciate.

Oddly enough, the artist did not recognize in the Countess his Dolce of Philadelphia's "Little Italy." The Countess was pleased when he refused to sell her him as only a woman could draw a story from a man. Dolce had preferred sharing his poverty to being a princess. She had been stolen for a ransom, and then carried back to Italy and a convent against her will. The Countess learned that the artist's heart was still true to Dolce, but her love marked time at the thought of a wife and three children. She was particularly anxious about the children. The artist finally



John Mason and Mrs. Fiske.

recognized his visitor. But he wasn't loquacious. Instead of opening his arms to the Countess, he seized the fork and started to stab the picture. She shouldn't have it—no, she shouldn't—his beautiful, clear-eyed Dolce. The Countess quieted him by saying he could have her.

It was all very business-like, and while the negotiations were too long drawn out, the fascination of Mrs. Fiske's clever acting made them interesting to the end. Two of Mrs. Fiske's plays which have been seen before completed the bill. "The Eyes of the Heart" Mr. George Arliss again gave his gentle characterization of the old blind Monsieur d'Ancelet, and in that grim bit of realism, "A Light from St. Agnes," Miss Fernanda D'Amico and Mr. Mason gripped the audience from the wretched beginning to the tragic end.

CHARLES DARNTON.

## BOBBIE AND HIS BOOKS

He Helps Paul Jones to Sink a British Frigate.



## THE GIRL FROM KANSAS

By Alice Rohe.

"OPAL ST. CYR is the only reason Percy Harold Van Arden affects the studio tea habit is to save board," said the girl from Kansas. "Opal is such a jolly cut."

"As for me I don't see where the board bill saving would come in. It would take a round of visits to all the studios in New York just to have the edge taken off your appetite."

"Percy Harold Van Arden has almost talked Francina into giving a tea. He says it is the proper thing for her to do if she wants to get in with interesting people."

"Just my jamming a lot of people into an eight by ten room and serving tea and wafers should be a ticket of admittance into the elite is more than I can see unless the interesting people are always hungry."

"Percy Harold says for her first tea Francina ought to have something a little extra in the way of refreshments just to encourage the right sort of people to come. Francina's crazy to meet the real Bohemian element who actually do things, but Opal, the cat, says the ones who spend their time advertising their Bohemianism never did anything in their lives but call their hall bedrooms 'studios' and get their meals at the pink tea."

"Francina says she's got to have a tea, though, and she's planning just how to crowd the people in so they can drink without being walked on. Percy Harold Van Arden assures her that the real people don't mind being uncomfortable. He knows a lady who writes for the magazines who gave a lovely tea last week to 150 people, and her room isn't as large as Francina's."

"Opal says anybody can write for magazines, but it's funny you never see their names in the index."

## Lace Made of Wood.

THERE are in all about half a dozen lace-back trees in the world, so called because the inner bark yields a natural lace in ready-made sheet form, which can be made up in serviceable articles of apparel. Only four of these curious species of trees are of much practical value. Tourists who have stopped at Hawaii or Samoa may recall the lace-back clothing of the natives—clothing of a neat brown color when new, of remarkable strength and of a fragrant odor, like freshly cured tobacco leaf. The native tapa cloth, as it is called, is made from the bark of the brausea tree, but it is not usually included among the real lace-back trees. In its natural state the real lace-back is of a delicate cream-white tint. It is probably a kind of fibrous felt. When the outer bark is removed it can be unfolded and unwound in one seamless piece, having a surface of a little more than a square yard. Washing and sun-drying give it a dazzling white appearance. The fabric is airy light, and is used in the West Indies for making dresses, collars, cuffs, window curtains—in a word, for every purpose that ordinary lace is used. In making it is a delicate craft, and a bit of lace-back, if rolled into a tight spring, will all but resist human strength to break it.

## Picture Algebra.



WHAT is this little girl going to buy with her penny? You can tell if you will look at the picture in the upper part of this illustration, put down their names and subtract and add the various names. Just to give you an idea how simple it is to be a Sherlock Holmes, we will show you how to get the first step of the problem. The first object shown is a lamp. Then comes a minus sign and then a lamp. Now subtract lamp from lamp, and you have the letter C left. With this hint to help you, you can find the rest easily. Don't you think so?

## May Manton's Daily Fashions



Lingerie Hats in Two Styles. Pattern No. 5340.

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

He Loves Unwisely.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1334, New York.

## A Rude Young Man.

Dear Betty: I thought while out with my lady friend she wanted to go home and asked me to accompany her. I didn't want her to go, and told her I wouldn't accompany her, and she got angry and went home by herself, leaving me standing where I was, consequently making me feel very foolish. Now, which one do you think should apologize?

You had better leave that to his mother.

## HINTS FOR THE HOME.

## Westphalian Croquettes.

Take a cup of grated ham with same of mashed potato, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and salt, pepper and butter. Make into desired shape, roll in beaten egg, then in rolled bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Cold rice may be mixed with the meat and used as an omelette.

## Chicken and Nut.

Take a cupful of cold minced chicken and a half-cup of blanched and chopped English walnuts. Make a white cream sauce and stir the chicken and nut mixture into this. Stir over fire till hot; add gradually the beaten yolks of two eggs, mix well and set aside to

## Beef Souffle.

This is a good emergency dish, as it may be made from a cupful of finely minced veal, chicken, beef or any meat on hand. Make a cupful of white sauce in the ordinary way, with a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour cooked together and a cupful of milk; season it highly with salt, pepper, chopped parsley or sweet herbs, or whatever seasoning is preferred, mix the meat well with the sauce over the fire and then add the beaten yolks of two eggs, when cold, stir in the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; turn in a buttered dish and bake thirty minutes or until firm, then serve very quickly.

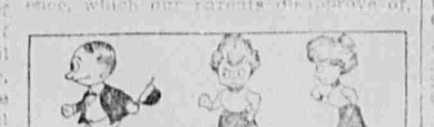
My parents know nothing of this situation.



By all means give it up. See is too old for you.

## They Correspond.

Dear Betty: I am a young girl, eighteen years old, and have been sick with a cough since the first of the year. About a month ago my mother had a cousin, understanding with him which came a day or two later, and she was very ill, which our parents disapproved of.



But as we both love each other very much, it is very hard for us to part. My mother will not listen to my explanation, so I am writing you. Would you still be in the correspondence? G. H.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or write by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.